



Bitter and Cold



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Chapter 1 by Catherine Ryan

I hate the cold. It reminds of that night. It was cold, too. Bitter winds, bitter rain, bitter tears, bitter heart. All of it was frigid, icy. I hate the cold. I hate him.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



If there was one warm thing that could be mentioned, it was simply that cigarette lighter that he pressed into the dashboard, heating itself and popping out when ready to ignite the tip of his cigarette. I wanted to press that hot metal into his face then, but instead I just froze amidst all that cold and bitterness and let him speak his lies and nonsense.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



When it was over, I pulled myself from the passenger's side door into the frigid night and closed the door. But I was sure not to close it completely. I let it close, but not quite fully, do you know what I mean? Enough to annoy him so that he would have to lean over and open it himself, then close it again more firmly. A little thing, perhaps. But I wanted to get a last little shot in before I entered the clinic.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



And so... even further... I released a discrete fart... a little egg of a bomb as I stood up. Just enough to fill the space of his stupid Toyota Camry. The most boring car for the most boring of boyfriends.

Perhaps he noticed, perhaps he didn't. Perhaps the cigarette lighter and the smoke burned away the smell.

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He turned to me simply and

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"It's not such a big deal, babe. Just get it over with and we'll go get some sushi. I'm burning fuel out here. Let's go, let's go!"

I hate him.

I lifted the small cat carrier from the floorboard and proceeded into the vet clinic to have my cat neutered. FOR THE THIRD TIME.

Something was terribly wrong with my cat, and why he continued to regrow his nuts every fortnight, I could not say.

The door closed with a thud, and I was alone in the cold.

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